

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

My constant readers will bear me witness that I haven't done a bit of preaching this season on the subject of décolleté costumes, but the Lord knows there has been text enough. I am not so much of a prude as to wish the abolition of low corsets. Modesty is after all, a matter of custom. The Fijian belle, clothed in a string of beads and a feather, may be the shyest young thing on top of the earth, while the Down East spinster, with calico to her very chin, would as soon as a man as look at him. Last week I incidentally described the bareness at the opera. But it is at the balls that the revelations are quite unprecedented. I don't mean to say that dress waists are out out more than heretofore—that would be individual cases be impossible; but the exhibits are far more numerous than they used to be. The former unwritten law was that girls must be entirely covered during their first season in society. That status has been repealed. The debutantes this winter wear low corsets almost without exception. When you come to consider that sweet sixteen is apt to be composed chiefly of skin drawn tightly over bones, you will agree with me that these disclosures are indeed in more ways than one. There are secrets which can profitably be kept by a woman, and one of them is the fact that she has atrophy of the breast.

Last year there were in the city of New York 11,905 marriages. Of these ten were of colored men to white women and one of a colored woman to white man. Two men were married for the first time, three men and two women for the fourth, 100 men and forty one women for the third, and 1,545 widowers and 1,210 widows of the first power remarried. E. von bridegrooms and one bride were between twenty and twenty years of age, sixteen bridegrooms and two brides between sixty-five and seventy, and fifty-nine bridegrooms and six brides between sixty and sixty-five. The number of men who married under twenty-one was 218; that of women, 2,919. The number of men who married between twenty and twenty-five years of age 4,173; of women, 6,931; 3,793 men and 2,170 women married between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

Several ladies are interesting themselves in making up money to buy a monument to put at the grave of Danville's late poet, Wm. Marvin. It would be well for the men to do like work and put one at the grave of Marvin's wife, who was one of the most patient women to man's tyranny. The poet would say on leaving the house: "Charlotte, I shall probably be absent two hours. I shall on my return, be drunk, and if I find you in the house on my return I shall find you like thunder." Charlotte was wise enough to be away from the house when her drunken lord returned. (Hartford Democrat.)

"The Government is spending \$24,000,000 a year in purchasing bull on to turn into alive: collars," said Representative Buckner "and then having certificates for this money. This was not contemplated by the advocates of bi-metallism. Either the one or two-dollar bank notes should be withdrawn from the circulation or we should stop the coinage of silver dollars for two years. A bill for this latter purpose will pass by a large majority if we can get it up in the House."

In all Europe there is but one prison in which the system of absolute isolation is still maintained and it is at the Condemned, which supported the hostile or that protected the liquidation, either, but in highly civilized and Christianized Belgium. It is the Maison Centrale, at Louvain, and has 600 inmates, every one of whom is as much isolated from the world as though he were alone upon one of the rocky islands of the Atlantic.

The colored people of Boston protest against being kept out of the skating rinks. That's right; we don't see why a lady of color should not have as much right to stand on her chignon and wave her skirt in the air as a Boston belle has to sit down upon her eye glasses. It is all a matter of taste. (Fall River Herald.)

When Mr. Brecher was shown the base-neck fowl on exhibition at the New York Fauciers' Club he remarked: "I knew this sort of a thing was allowable among fashionable ladies, but I was not aware that such highly respectable hens would countenance such a display."

Degrees of comparison in marrying for money, positive, cupid; comparative, stupid; superlative, cupid.

### THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

To Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve consumption, is a mistake. Any reasonable man would see Dr. Hosank's Cough and Lung Syrup for consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

If You Don't Believe This, Ask Jack Sawyer. "I don't care to see West Point again," said a young man, who, having just returned from the great institution was asked how he liked the place.

"Oh, yes, the discipline is good, and they take the stoop from a fellow's shoulders, still they do not observe those little niceties of politeness which I like to see practiced among gentlemen. I went in with a young fellow named Adams, a youth of good manners, who, I thought, could not fail to make a good impression. We were shown into an office, where I was pleased to meet a Lieutenant with whom I was acquainted. He shook hands with me cordially and asked about my relatives. I introduced him to Adams, and he seemed glad to meet him and profoundly acknowledged his gratitude. 'Ah, young gentleman,' said he, 'as you contemplate joining me. Glad of it. You'll find everything pleasant here. Just sign this, please,' showing out something that looked like a cut-throat mortgage. Just as we had signed the thing, the Lieutenant, turning to a pug-nose thing who stood near with a gun, said: 'Take those fellows down to the Commissary Department.' Adams and I looked at each other and smiled. 'Get out of here,' demanded the Lieutenant. 'Corporal, take 'em away.' We did not like the change in his manner, but thinking that such freaks might be among his personal peculiarities, we said nothing, but accompanied the Corporal down to the Commissary Department, where we were furnished with fifteen pairs of shoes, fifteen pairs of boots and about four hundred pairs of socks. Then, loaded down with our spoils, we were conducted into an upper room. 'Fix these things,' said the Corporal. 'How fix 'em?' I asked. He stormed at us and told us that if we had not stacked 'em up in shape by the time he got back he would report us. He went away, and we went to work to arrange our goods. I thought that my socks were especially well arranged, but when the Corporal came back, he gave them a kick and said: 'Fix these things.' I felt like kicking him down, but thinking that I had not got the hang of the place, I restrained my feelings. 'Come on here now,' said the Corporal. We were then shown into a long hall. The Corporal left us, and, having given us instructions, we knew not what to do. After awhile Adams remarked: 'I see a lot of tracks leading to that door. Believe I'll go in and ask for directions.' He went into the room, but a moment afterward, came out like a man falling down stairs. Pretty soon after this we saw, posted on the wall, a couple of sheets of paper. They referred to us, giving us everything but fatherly advice. Well, I concluded to go in. When I entered, a bluff officer looked up and asked: 'What's your name?'

"Jackson." "Get out of here!" I went back to my bill of instructions and learned that my name was "Jackson, L. D., sir." Thought I'd try it again, and went back. "What's your name?" "Jackson, L. D." "Get out of here!" Went back to my bill again and found that I had left off the sir.

The next time I succeeded, but Adams, I think must have been fired out four times, at least. We soon learned that for the first three months, we were to be known as 'beasts,' and that no cadet would speak to us, and that we were not even allowed to look at one of them. One day I happened to look up at a fellow. Swelling like a toad, he exclaimed: 'Take your almighty eyes off me!' I wanted to knock him down, but by this time I had learned to endure insult. There may be places more uncomfortable for beginners, but I wouldn't know where to look for them. They say that the Penitentiary is rough, and I suppose it is, but I warrant you that if a West Point 'beast' were to awake some of these mornings and find himself in a State's prison, he would wonder how he came to be thrown into such polite society. (Arkansas Traveler.)

Senator Bayard wears a stove-pipe hat of the latest style, a Prince Albert coat, always closely buttoned up in front, and always appears to be affecting a Senatorial style. Beck, of Kentucky, is probably the plainest dresser in the Senate. He usually wears a round stiff Derby hat, sack coat, like those commonly worn by the foreman of a manufacturing establishment, turn-down collar, and a common black bow. His boots are heavy, and sometimes very muddy.

Whitlaw Reid is a society man, and the other night he was attending a full-dress party at one of the most fashionable houses in New York, and as he was penciling his name on a fair woman's dance card a giggling girl sidled up with the tender inquiry: "O, Mr. Reid, are you taking notes for a report in the Tribune?"

Descending into the bowels of the earth it is found that the temperature increases at the mean rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet. At this rate water is at a boiling point at a depth of six miles, while at a depth of sixty miles the hardest rocks known to geologists are in a fluid or melted state.

Sound advice of an old merchant: "Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose."

### Origin of a Familiar Hymn.

There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of Charles Wesley, which led to the writing of one of his best known hymns. One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window looking out on the beautiful fields in summer time. Presently a little bird flitting about in the sunshine attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing very much frightened was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. Not seeing the open window and the man sitting by it, the bird in its terror flew toward it and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering a severe trial and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble as much as the trembling little bird that nested in his bosom. He took his pen, and wrote the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, Savior of my soul  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the wares of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

### COLD WEATHER IN DAKOTA—Maj.

Whipple, paymaster, and Mr. Howes, clerk, with Lieut. Pague and two men as escort, left Bismarck last night for Poplar River. Night overtook them before reaching Culbertson ranch, and, having a driver who did not know the road, they lost their way. The night was one of the most terrible experienced this winter, with the thermometer 40° below zero, accompanied by a fierce wind. The party wandered for several hours through the hills and deep snow when fortunately they found a cattle where there was a little wood. Here they remained till daylight. Snow was melted on a shovel, the only implement they had, and transferred to a small cup and coffee provided each person every hour. The experience was terrible during the long and weary night, and they saved themselves from death by constantly pounding each other, thereby preventing the fatal sleep from overcoming them. All were more or less frozen, but none severely. (Omaha Her-ald.)

### SHARP SCHEME OF A SWINDLER.—A

man has just been captured in DeKalb county practicing a new and peculiar method of passing counterfeit money, which may be described as follows: Before leaving one town he addressed a letter to himself at the postoffice of the town at which he next wished to operate in. The letter would purport to be from his son and usually inclosed a bogus \$20 bill; in it he told a lot of bogus family matters, expressed the hope that he would soon find employment and refer to the money enclosed. The letter was shown to the postmaster or some one else in the office, who was asked to read it, he being a very poor scholar. The party reading the letter was then requested to change the bogus bill or to introduce him to some one that could, and the swindler generally succeeded. (St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.)

The huckle upon which the Prodigal Son fed, are not, as the reader is apt to imagine, the huckle of maize, that is of Indian corn. They are the fruit of the Kharub tree, and from their shape called in the Greek little horns. From the popular notion that they were the food of John the Baptist they are called St. John's bread. Dr. Thompson describes them as "fleshy pods somewhat like those of the honey locust tree from six to ten inches long and one broad, lined inside with a gelatinous substance, not wholly unpleasant to the taste when thoroughly ripe. I have seen large orchards of the Kharub in Cyprus, where it is still the food which the swine do eat."

Farmers often desire a cement that will hold substances together under water or in damp places. A good cement as can be wished is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of India rubber in five gallons of coal-oil. Add an equal weight of gum shellac, and stir over a low fire until the shellac is thoroughly dissolved. The gum shellac in naphtha or in water makes a stronger mucilage than gum arabic. The addition of the India rubber makes a glue that will not be affected by water.

The horrible discovery has been made that Mary Cox, a well-known and popular young lady, who lived near the mouth of the Little Capon river, near Springfield, W. Va., was buried alive. On the grave being opened the day after the burial her hands and arms were torn and bleeding, and the lips were bitten through, and handfuls of hair were torn from her head. The girl had come to life, and had evidently made a fearful struggle to escape.

"Was Rome founded by Rome?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

The pupil said nothing, but immediately wrote to the postmaster at Joliet, Ill., for full particulars.

### DR. HOSANKO.

This name has become so familiar with the most of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Hosank's Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

Rev. H. A. M. Henderson is a candidate for Chaplain of the House at Washington. The people of Kentucky know something of H. A. M. Henderson. He is a smooth-tongued, copious and persuasive speaker. In this State he left the pulpit to dabble in politics. He was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. His first step in the office was to induce the Legislature to increase his salary, already liberal. He devoted much of his time to compiling unprofitable books, and lecturing on subjects apart from the duties of his office. Under his management, or lack of management, the school system of the State run down.

Henderson's career in Kentucky serves to illustrate the loose management of the State's affairs. (Covington Commonwealth.)

When nervous wakefulness ensues at night time, when there is a desire to sleep, but, on account of a peculiar state of mind and body, rest will not come, inhalation of pure air is a safe and efficient soporific. It is observed in these conditions that a person only breathes half-way, and that the oxygen in the lungs is kept exhausted. A physician recommends a few full respirations as the best remedy for this kind of wakefulness, which is produced frequently by the condition of the atmosphere as well as state of the mind.

If the Legislature intends to keep up the precedent by working the convicts outside of the prison walls, it would be more equitable to the people at large that the convicts be put to work on the roads, pikes, channeling out shallow rivers and water ways or to grading railroads into the mountains of the State to develop the State's largest and least known source of wealth—the great coal, timber, iron, salt, oil and other interests of Eastern Kentucky. (Three Forks Enterprise.)

The folly of opposing the labor of convicts in the coal mines by certain papers and politicians is now becoming apparent. Louisville, Covington, Lexington, Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Richmond and numerous other towns in Kentucky are receiving coal from Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Tennessee. Louisville has this winter received more coal from Pittsburg than all the convicts in the penitentiary—allowed by law to work outside—could mine in a year. (Richmond Register.)

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith, of Bristol, has eight grandmothers living and makes the fifth generation now living in Bristol. The maternal great-grandmother is eighty-seven years of age and now reads without glasses and can hear distinctly, though at fifty years of age she was quite deaf and obliged to use glasses. (Manchester (N. H.) Union.)

For once the pulpit and the stage are united. They agree in denouncing the skating rink. The ministers and the dramatic papers say the skating rink is both unchristian and immoral. The preachers charge the rink with keeping people away from the prayer meeting, and the theatrical fraternity with keeping people away from the play-house. (Post.)

A Vermont farmer reports that he made a profit of \$243 from six hens the past season. He sold them early in the spring and consequently had to plant his garden only once. (Somerville Journal.)

"There are good and bad points about this coffee," said the boarder, in a judicial tone. "The good point is that there is no chicory in it, the bad, that there is no coffee in it."

Less than 200 of the more than 600 places mentioned by the Bible in Palestine, west of Jordan, are said to remain unidentified by the Palestine Exploration Fund staff.

The United States gave its troops \$390,000,000 in bounties during the civil war, and has paid and pledged itself for \$900,000,000 in pensions.

The Germans now make from paper pulp the most delicate wheels for watches.

THE REV. GED. H. THAYER, of Bourton, Ind. says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAllister.

ARE YOU MADE MISERABLE by Indigestion, Constipation, Bilethness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

### Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchetti's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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We euphemistically guarantee Dr. Marchetti's Cataplasma, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Blotting, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchetti, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

### Oil from Nature's Wells

The skin on the head is kept soft and flexible by a secretion from the oil glands. When these are clogged the hair dries and falls out. Parker's Hair Balsam renews their action, restores the original color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. It also eradicates dandruff. Not greasy, not sticky, deliciously perfumed. Delightful for a lady's toilet table. The best of dressings. Preferable to all similar articles because of its superior cleanliness and purity.

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I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

## BOURNE!

"O, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" "Her bright smile haunts me still!" "Yes, I saw her last at Dr. Bourne's Drug Store." "No wonder, she got her paint from Bourne." "O, write me a letter from home." "John Anderson, my Joe John, you hair in like this snow—your eye is dim!" "I wonder if she loves me?" "Tell the old coon to go to Bourne's and get some of his hairdressing and a pair of Le More's celebrated Rock Crystal Spectacles." "Blossoms bloom and then they wither." "Shall I never more behold thee?" "The perfumes are made into extracts for Bourne." "Yes, and in good health, for I get my medicine from Bourne." "Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking." "What are the wild waves saying?" "I'm glad of it; Bourne has so many nice goods I want to take the whole day purchasing." "Bourne, Bourne, Bourne, Bourne!" "Then, Katy darling, do tell Lilly Dale to put Pick a Pin in Aunt Betsy's old arm chair and sing." "Rock me to sleep, mother," while you go to Bourne's New Drug Store and get me a Tooth Brush, some Toilet Soap, a pair of Le More's Periscope Lenses, some of his 5-cent-a-quatre Letter Paper, a bottle of Vanilla for your mother, strengthening Cordial for your grandmother's and some worm candy for Jennie, and go quick or I'll make you think "This cruel war is not over."

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## —THE SEMI-WEEKLY— Interior Journal!

STANFORD, KY.

W. P. WALTON, Pro'r.

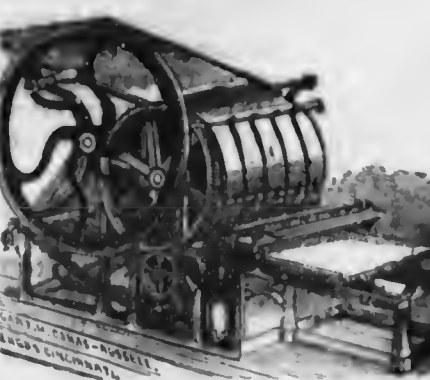
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It seems to be settled that Neal, the last of the Ashland ravishers and murderers of innocent young girls, will pay the penalty much as his life can, next Friday. Justice has been mighty slow in his case, but seems to be close at hand now.

and Vice President the American flag is  
suspended.







